THE SUNBEAM.

Down it came dancing, dancing,
Straight from the land of light,
In through a poor attic window,
Making the darkness bright.

Glanced off a broken mirror
On to an old arm-chair,
Lit up a pale-faced sufferer,
Wearily tossing there.

Brought with it hope and gladness,
Soothing the restless boy,
Lulled him to sleep with bright visions,
Whispered of health and joy.

And to a far-off country,
Washed by refreshing streams,
Guided his slumbering spirit
Into the land of dreams.

Then when its task was over,
Softly floated away,
Back to its home in the sunshine,
Its mission fulfilled that day.

Oh! to be like that sunbeam,
Shedding forth light and love,
Then when our labor is ended,
To pass to the light above.

—A. I. Buchanan, in Indianapolis News.

IN A COTTON-CAR

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

THE long freight-shed was filled with goods of every description. Through the open doors on one side you looked into the dark interiors of a line of empty cars; through similar doors on the other side you saw a row of loaded jiggers and express wagons. Foreman Carruth, whose duty it was to bring order out of all this confusion, seemed to be everywhere at once, directing, exhorting, reproving, his eyes, ears and tongue all busy at the same time.

"Here, Jim, put those steel rods in the corner of that B. & A. car! They're going up to Caribou. Come on with those tierces of lard, boys! If you don't move faster, they'll melt before you get 'em out of the shed. Hustle, everybody! These cars'll be pulled out at eleven."

Down the steps from the office at the upper end of the shed came a biing clerk, with a small brown note book in his hand. This he passed to the foreman, who immediately raised his voice in a shout to a black-haired young Irishman, who was taking account of the incoming freight two doors away.

"Here's a job of blind checking for you, Dan! Go down to track five with this cotton book, and count the bales in those eleven cars for the Leadbetter Mills. Get back as soon as you can. I'll take your place at the door while you're gone.

Daniel Harrigan received the book from the hand of his superior, walked rapidly down the shed, and stepped into the freight yard. It was quarter past eight on a foggy April morning, one of those drizzly spring days when everything is damp and sticky. A thick mist hung over the yard. Invisible shifting engines puffed here and there, with much clanging of bells and shrill of whistling.

With senses on the alert, the freight handler crossed the tracks, carefully avoiding the frogs and switches. His destination was the extreme end of the large yard, a full quarter mile from the shed. Presently the square end of the first car that was to be tallied appeared through the fog. Harrigan consulted his book to make sure that he had the correct number, went up to the door, and broke the little seal of lead and wire.

The interior was filled with cotton bales, each weighing about five hundred pounds. They were covered with burlap, and encircled by steel bands put on under hydraulic pressure, typical specimens of the thousand sent yearly from Southern plantations to New England mills.

As the staple was quoted at twelve cents a pound, and as from forty to sixty bales were loaded into each car, its contents had an average value of three thousand dollars. A mistake in the tally, resulting in the addition or omission of a single bale would make a difference of perhaps $60.

The teams from the Leadbetter Mills on the outskirts of the city would begin to empty the cars that afternoon, and it was customary for the railroad to take careful account of all goods before delivery. Then, in case a shipment ran short, the company would be able to show that the blame must be placed elsewhere.

The task of counting the cotton was a responsible one, and Foreman Carruth had put his best man on the job.

Harrigan climbed to the top of the bales. They were from five to five and a half feet long, something under a yard wide, and twenty-two to twenty-six inches thick. They were set on end, three abreast; and as the distance from floor to roof was approximately seven feet and a half, an empty space of two feet was left above their tops.

Forward crawled the tallyman on his hands and knees, taking note of each separate bale with his fingers, and registering it mentally at the same time.

By the system of "blind checking" under which he worked, only the car numbers were set down in the note book handed to him, and he was given no inkling as to how many bales he was expected to find. When the result of his labors was reported at the office, the clerks there compared it with the way-bills.

The first car contained fifty-four bales. Harrigan dropped to the ground, entered the number in his book and closed the door. He then broke the seal of the next car. In a few minutes he had finished his work in this car also, and charged forty-eight against it. Five cars more were examined without special incident.

With a strong jerk Harrigan broke the seal of the eighth car, shoved the door open just enough to allow his body to pass, and was soon scrambling in the darkness over the burlapped ends. As the roof was lower than those of the other cars, there was barely eighteen inches of open space, and his progress was much slower.

On through the gloom crept the freight handler, fingering the rough edges, and counting in an undertone as he made his tally.

"Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—" His head bumped against a cross-beam of the roof, and he stooped low to pass beneath it.

"Nineteen—twen——"

The last number was never finished, but died away in a muffled cry of surprise and consternation; for the twentieth bale was not there!

The two hands that he thrust forward, expecting to strike burlap, touched nothing. Down pitched Harrigan head foremost into a cavity just large enough to admit his body. He caught unavailingly with his fingers at the coarse bagging, but so well had the hydraulic press done its work that he could grasp no slack in his frantic clutchings, and his course was not arrested till he struck the hard wooden floor. The sudden shock doubled up his finger tips and drove back his hands. His head came down upon the planks with a stunning crack that made him for the moment half-insensible.

When the car was being loaded at Memphis, there had been found in the shipment one bale considerably broader than the others. It was placed at one end of the seventh row from the door, and a bale of ordinary size was put at the other end. The space between the two was of necessity left vacant, as it was not broad enough to admit another bale. This formed the cavity into which, two weeks later, Daniel Harrigan was unlucky enough to fall.

For perhaps thirty seconds the young Irishman remained inactive, recovering from the effects of the blow upon the top of his skull. His cap had been pulled on so tightly that it had not fallen off when he plunged downward; hence it slightly broke the force of his fall. With returning consciousness, however, he began to feel a shooting pain in his temples.

The second finger, too, on his right hand had been severely sprained, and the nail split down to the quick, so that it was bleeding freely. The full weight of his body resting upon the crown of his head strained the neck muscles severely, and he struggled to raise himself on the palms of his hands.

The change of position had a very unexpected result. All the contents of his pockets poured down upon the floor under his nose in a jangling cascade. He could hear the copper and silver coins and his jack-knife clinking together on the planks. His watch slipped from its place, and hung dangling in his very face.

The situation had a ludicrous as well as an unpleasant side. How should he ever pick up all that loose change from the floor? Evidently the first thing, however, was to restore his heels and his head to their normal positions.

Harrigan did not anticipate any special difficulty in doing this. But when he strove to bend his body over, so that he might stand upright, he found that the cavity was too confined to permit it. His shoulders almost touched the bales on each side, while the one over which he had just crept projected so far forward that the open space was barely eighteen inches from front to back. It was, if anything, a little larger at the bottom than at the top, and this increased the difficulty of his undertaking.

He tried to push first one bale and then the other a little farther away, to gain more room, but all to no avail. His efforts finally convinced him that his only way of escape was to lift himself upward and backward, until he could regain a position on the top of the cotton.

The checker lifted himself at arms' length on the palms of his hands, and tried to stick the tips of his toes into the space between the two bales behind him; but he could not reach back far enough.

He ran his fingers up and down the rough burlap, seeking some loose place, but finding none. So long as he could push with his hands against the floor he could raise his body; but once at arms' length, he had nothing to press against, as the bales afforded no handhold. His strength was of little service, for it could be exerted only through a few inches of space.

By this time it had dawned upon Harrigan that he was in a very serious dilemma. The blood had flowed into his head and arms in such abundance that it had become positively painful. He seemed to be growing all pulse.

Once more he explored the surface of the bales with his fingers, but found it absolutely unyielding. Those who know cotton only as a soft, fluffy substance can have no conception of the hardness it assumes under the compress. No, there was no chance to get hold of the burlap; but in one place, where there was a slight hollow, he was able to press his finger tips down on the edge of a steel band.

Insignificant as the leverage was, it enabled him to raise his body. Cautiously he worked his way up and backward. His knees were almost on the top of the bale; another effort, and he would be safely out of his predicament. But as he pushed with all his might on the sharp top of the steel band his fingers slipped off. Down he fell, and again his hands rested on the floor of the car.

Harrigan at last realized that his life was actually in peril. If he could not get out now, when his strength was practically unimpaired, what chance would he have later! With numb fingers, swelled by the inrushing blood, he fumbled once more up and down the cotton. He found the band on which he had raised himself before, and strove to repeat his attempt; but he fell heavily back, this time striking on his head.

A train rumbled by, shaking the ground and making the car tremble under him. He heard two brakemen calling out to each other, and tried to attract their attention; but his voice was smothered in that narrow cavity.

A heavy, painful drowsiness was creeping over the freight handler, a strange, dull apathy that frightened him. His strength was gradually ebbing away. The part of his body below, or rather, as now situated, above his waist, was losing its feeling. The blood surged through his brain so strongly that it threatened to deprive him of consciousness. Insensibility was coming on, and insensibility meant death.

Harrigan's toes were almost on the top of the bale over which he had crept. He had only to raise himself a little more than two feet to have his bootsoles touch the ceiling behind the beam he had crawled under. By pressing the backs of his heels hard against this beam he could get sufficient leverage to help himself out. The distance was trifling, but there seemed absolutely nothing he could grasp to lift himself with.

Again he felt blindly along the bale in front of him, and thrust his fingers into the spaces between it and the adjacent bales on each side. When cotton leaves the compress, the burlap on the edges that have been lowest in the press is tight to the point of bursting, while that about the upper edges is much looser. Fortunately for Harrigan, the two corners turned toward him, as the bale stood on end, were those round which the covering was lose. This apparently trivial circumstance saved his life.

The corners gave him something to grip. Numbed and swollen though his fingers were, he found that by pressing them hard against his palms he could gather in a very respectable handful of the bagging. This gave him purchase enough to lift his weight.

Raising his hands very gradually and hardly daring to breathe, inch by inch he worked himself up and back in agony, clutching the coarse edges with desperate caution. To slip back now would be fatal. Little by little he pushed his toes back over the bale behind him. He lifted one of his heels, and it touched the beam. In a moment it was pressed behind the firm wood. A little more, and he would be safe!

Shifting his grasp with almost imperceptible movements, he raised his body slowly and painfully. Red lights danced before his eyes; the roaring of the ocean was in his ears. Up, up, up! If he could only keep his senses a few seconds more! His body was now well over the tops of the bales behind him, but he did not dare to let go yet.

One handful more, one hurried, violent thrust that sent him back from the edge of the dangerous cavity, and, safe at last, he fainted dead away on the top of the cotton.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A quite extraordinary combination of merits, is claimed in France for a new explosive, which consists of a mixture of powdered aluminum and nitrate of ammonium. It is not liable to spontaneous combustion, cannot be prematurely exploded by shock or friction, burns only with difficulty, is not affected by frost or dampness, and the gases from its explosion are harmless.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting what are practically stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather soles used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible, and to give the foot a firm hold even on the most slippery surface.—Chicago Journal.

Aluminium-coated paper, made in Germany for wrapping food substances, is prepared by applying a thin coat of an alcoholic solution of resin to artificial parchment, then sprinkling aluminium powder over the surface, and finally submitting to pressure. The artificial parchment is paper that has been treated with sulphuric acid. The aluminium paper is not attacked by the air or by fats.

The curious dread of cats that has been studied for three years by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, may open up a wide field for investigation. An advertisement brought 139 replies from different countries — including Germany, Egypt and India—and about two-thirds of them mentioned cases of fear of cats, the others referring to asthma from cats. This asthma, due to odors, may be excited by the presence of horses, dogs, cats or sheep, or even of roses, apples, oranges or bananas. The catphobia comes instantaneously, and may be very severe, catalepsy having developed in one case, and temporary blindness in another.

In the examination of food substances and other materials, microscopists often find it necessary to compare two slides. This soon becomes very tedious by the usual method of substituting one slide for another or using duplicate microscopes, and a laborious study of starches, fibers, etc., has led two English investigators to devise a much simpler process. The new idea is a piece of apparatus known as the Ashe Finlayson comparascope. The second slide is placed upon a horizontal rod attached to the side of the nosepiece of the microscope, and a mirror and lens project the image into the nosepiece, where an inclined reflector deflects the rays up the microscope tube.

City vs. Country Eyes.

In one of his delightful books Dr. Jessopp remarks that whereas country people look up, Londoners look down. It is largely this habit that has limited their observing powers; but London has itself to blame. I take it that one can observe well only by the power of taking large views, and in London this is impossible, even if one would, partly from the circumscribing effects of bricks and mortar, partly from the dim light of a London distance, and partly from the need of avoiding collisions. One's eyes unconsciously acquire a habit of restricted vision; our observation specializes, like that of the little girl in Mrs. Meynell's book who beguiled the tedium of her walks by collecting shopkeepers named Jones. Perhaps that is the kind of observation for which we in London are best suited.—London Outlook.

There Was a Leak.

"I take my pen in hand——" he wrote. It was a fountain pen, and he got no further.—New York Sun.

The Good Roads Proposition.

THE press of the country in all directions is urging attention to the question of national aid to good roads. The proposition as embodied in the Brownlow-Latimer bills has now been under discussion long enough to be well understood, and the demand for its adoption as a national policy is growing in every quarter. The first of these bills was introduced in the House by Hon. W. P. Brownlow, of Tennessee, and the other in the Senate by Hon. A. C. Latimer, of South Carolina. The bills are practically the same, both seeking to bring in the United States as a co-operative factor in the systematic construction and improvement of the highways, the Government to supply a sum equal to the sum any State will supply up to the maximum provided for. In a speech in Congress on his bill Representative Brownlow declared that a general plan of co-operation would have to be resorted to in order to fairly distribute the burden of taxation necessary to adequately improve the highways, and added this forceful point:

"So long as we pursue the original method of taxation the entire burden of cost for highway improvement falls upon the owners of agricultural lands and the persons living in the rural districts. When the great mass of the people lived in the rural districts this was a just and equitable distribution of taxes for such purposes, but with the changed conditions of the present day, when one-half of the people live in cities, and much more than one-half of the wealth is concentrated in these cities and in the corporations that are so powerful at the present time, it is absolutely necessary that some means should be devised whereby the revenues requisite for the great improvement that is called for should be derived from all of the people and resources of the country as nearly as possible, and not rest, as heretofore, upon the farming classes, who are the immediate losers by every failure of crops and sufferers by every decline in price of agricultural products."

About one-third of our people bear the total cost of the construction and improvement of the common roads. They are the people of the country districts, who constitute the mud-sill upon which is built the political and industrial development which is our boast. To them, in a larger degree than any other class, we owe the magnitude of the position to which we have attained along all lines. Upon them the heavy hand of taxation falls relentlessly. They never dodge the tax gatherer, but bear the largest proportion of the burdens of government, and receive the smallest of its benefits. It is an unjust and unequal distribution of the burdens and benefits of government, and it is to correct in a measure these inequalities and hardships that the bills under discussion are being urged by the people everywhere

The Road.

A road is like a work of art—it incites the imagination. In this I contend that it is an educator of no mean worth. It promises a healthy interest in the brain, and scraps of wisdom may be found scattered along the way for those who will to pick up. There are as many sorts of roads as there are many kinds of books, each sort filling its place. The grand turnpike, with its fine estates, speaking of wealth; the country byways hinting modest contentment and ease; the toll road, with its gate and its wayside inn for travelers; the river road, following the stream, now giving glimpses of the broad sweep and now but sparkles of light through the foliage as the trees obstruct the view. There is the hilly road where one loses the view of the highway ahead as it dips down into the valley, only to rise with a narrowed gauge on a further hill, and the wood road with its confluent paths and trails. One of the strongest lures is the road built at a time when it was easier to go around or over a hill than through it; better to find a safe ford than to plunge anywhere into the stream or build a bridge. The highway which goes straight from one point to another is a scientist and not a poet. It may be a fine servant, but as a friend and companion give me the meandering road, with its constant surprises, its up hill and down dale, its sunshine and shadow. One which may be seen a mile ahead may be a fine speedway, but it is not capable of rousing the imagination.—Walter K. Stone, in Recreation.

The City Might Profit.

Oneida County has unanimously approved the issue of $50,000,000 bonds for improving the country thoroughfares. The State meets the county half way, and all the highroads are promptly improved. As New York is located in counties, we are free to take advantage of the same law. There are roads within the city limits that need repairing quite as much as the worst mud holes in the Adirondacks.—Town Topics.

Bad Road Building.

An exchange puts it this way: There ought to be a law to stop fools building highways. This idea that the outer edge of a highway—sod, dirt and stone, all—should be thrown into the centre of the road, ought to entitle the people who do it to ninety days in jail.

The Tyranny of Fashion.

"I have just come home, and all the fashions seem so queer." So remarked Mrs. Archibald Little, authoress and traveler, to the Society of American Women in London yesterday. "When," the speaker added, "I saw that every woman's dress opened up behind, it seemed to me that another worry had been added to life, even to that of poor man. Can't we women look beautiful in dresses that open in front? And must our hats all require three pins or more, and must they always be set askew?" Mrs. Little appealed to American women as leaders of fashion to consider whether current feminine attire was calculated to impress the beholder with respect.—London Telegraph.

Woman's Realm

Thanks to "The Smart."

The smart woman, bitterly villified as she is, always has been and always will be, is the biggest of blessings in one way, and that is her encouragement of trade.—The Queen.

Bead Work Much in Evidence.

Bead work of all sorts come up surprisingly this season. They and their cousins, the spangles, are used in profusion for all sorts of purposes. In millinery hats are edged with beads both in jet and colors, and festoons of beads are mingled with the lace which is so much employed for brims and edgings. Bead embroideries done on velvet, silk or cloth are very smart for all sorts of dress and millinery purposes, while the short bead collar pieces and long bead lorgnette chains are very much worn by smart women here. The chains, of course, are not at all the hideous things one sees on bargain counters, but fine, artistic combinations specially designed.

Aprons.

Make a square of Persian lawn, twenty-four inches when finished, trimmed with tucks and lace around the edges. From the middle of each side make a diamond square of beading; cut six yards of ribbon into four lengths, and run them through the beading, leaving it very loose on three sides and drawing it quite tight on the fourth, to give a little fulness at the waist line of the apron. Make hard knots at all four corners, and then tie double bowknots. By lifting these bows you can draw it up into a bag. But if you untie the bows, not the hard bows, at the ends of the shirred side, you have four long ribbons to tie about the waist. While sewing you have on what appears to be an ordinary apron with a pointed bib. When you stop you pile all your things into your lap, untie the ribbons about your waist, retie the bowknots, take hold of all four bows and drag it up into a bag.—Boston Traveler.

Bookbinding as Women's Work.

Since the first woman took it up, bookbinding has received a curious impetus. Each year sees a few more devotees of the art among women, who are peculiarly adapted for the work by their delicacy of touch. It takes a strong wrist and a steady hand for some of the finer tooling—in fact, for most of the work—but when a woman's hand and wrist become trained she becomes more adept, as a rule, than a man. Nobody quite equals, after all, that great master bookbinder, Cobden Sanderson, who refuses all but a talented few of the many who apply to him for lessons. His pupils must agree to stay with him the length of time he dictates, or he will have none of them. There's a limited field for bookbinding, as there must always be with any art that takes great refinement and an almost scholarly taste to appreciate. Yet the women who have made a success of it, above all, those who are able to make their own designs for covers as well as execute them, have as much as they can comfortably do. And the work pays well.—Chicago News.

The Dinner Coat.

There is more than a little to say in favor of the dinner coat, which has added itself to the long list of separate garments of the present day wardrobe. The dinner coat is essentially a variation or play on the Louis XVI. coat adapted to indoor usages. It is at its best, in fact, it is only consistently made, of brocaded silk.

The long, tail, big revers, and courtly looking cuffs flaring upward from the elbow are salient characteristics. The tails are narrow enough to just escape being seen from the front. They fall nearly or quite to the hem of the gown, and are, perhaps, smartest when they are rounded at the ends into what has been described as a spoon shape. The scantiness of the sleeves is offset by the flaring elbow cuff and the wide revers. Old silver or paste buttons are essential.

The woman with a brocaded silk gown folded away for many a day will find use for it now in these separate jackets, which are of divers shapes and kinds. With sleeves of different material from the bodice possible short lengths come into excellent employment.

A dinner coat designed to accompany two skirts, one of plain amethyst velvet, the other of palest mauve chiffon very fully pleated, is made of pale amethyst silk, brocaded with roses in a deeper shade of amethyst and brightened by the inter-weaving of fine silver threads. The coat has a bertha of point de Venise lace, laid over amethyst velvet.

The waistcoat is of silver tissue, trimmed with flat buttons of amethyst crystal, covered with silver filagree. The coat is perfectly suited to the matron who wears it. It is being copied in white satin, brocaded with a pompadour design of pink roses for a debutante, who will wear it over a white point d'esprit skirt and a white chiffon skirt.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Who Sets the Fashions?

"What is the use in our waiting around the anterooms of the great dressmakers to see whether this or that fabric, and how much of it, is to be worn? Money can do anything. Let us show a proper sum to two or three of these satraps of the mode, tell them that we will 'stand in' with them, and publish to the world that certain fabrics—our fabrics—are to be fashionable; that skirts are to be longer, that hats are to be more flamboyant, that trimmings are to be more abundant, that ribbons must be continued in favor; and that these little canons have come to stay. Is not business the heart of the world—and is it not a fact that the more of our commodities there are used the better will be our business? Let us bribe a few of the leading actresses and singers, also—and others who are considered mirrors of fashion—and then our position is assured. Prosperity—magic word—shall wait upon our footsteps and right merrily our spindles shall whirl. Let the women groan under their masses of drapery. Let their husbands scold at the bills. What does that matter? We hold the whip-hand, and whither we drive, the flock must go."

How long are women, the sensible and the intellectual as well as the silly and frivolous, to endure this sort of tyranny, who can tell? There is a sort of a law, unwritten but binding, that the woman who does not follow the fashion is "unwomanly," that she shall walk in the valley of humiliation and eat the bread of sorrow. She may refuse to don the death-dealing corset, and give her digestion and her circulation a fair chance to do their work, but she must not tell in print how much better than other women's is her health in consequence—for commerce stands waiting to punish her just around the corner. During much of the time—though now for a little she has a respite—she must give up the use of one hand, in order that she may carry this mass of drapery which the manufacturer has forced her to buy. If she does not hold it up it drags through the mire. The microbes thus accumulated, so the doctors tell us, have caused epidemics of grip and tuberculosis—but what matter? The great fashion trust must prosper, and as for the rest of us, a few of us more or less is immaterial (which word might lead to a pun by one of a jocular turn of mind, who was not smarting under the extortions of the trust).—Kate Upson Clark, in Leslie's Weekly.

Restricting Women's Clothes.

The opera management at Covent Garden regulates the dress of its male patrons. When is it going to do the same to the women?

On Saturday night I went to the opera. I wore the costume imposed on me by the regulations of the house. I fully recognize the advantage of those regulations. Evening dress is cheap, simple, durable, prevents rivalry and extravagance on the part of male leaders of fashion, annihilates class distinctions, and gives men who are poor and doubtful of their social position (that is, the great majority of men) a sense of security and satisfaction that no clothes of their own choosing could confer, besides saving a whole sex the trouble of considering what they should wear on state occasions.

But I submit that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Every argument that applies to the regulation of the man's dress applies equally to the regulation of the woman's. At 9 o'clock a lady came in and sat down very conspicuously in my line of sight. She remained there until the beginning of the last act. I do not complain of her coming late and going early; on the contrary, I wish she had come later and gone earlier. For this lady, who had very black hair, had stuck over her right ear the pitiable corpse of a large white bird, which looked exactly as if some one had killed it by stamping on its breast, and then nailed it to the lady's temple, which was presumably of sufficient solidity to bear the operation. I am not, I hope, a morbidly squeamish person; but the spectacle sickened me. I presume that if I had presented myself at the doors with a dead snake round my neck, a collection of black beetles pinned to my shirt front and a grouse in my hair, I should have been refused admission. Why, then, is a woman to be allowed to commit such a public outrage? Had the lady been refused admission, as she should have been, she would have soundly rated the tradesman who imposed the disgusting headdress on her under the false pretense that "the best people" wear such things, and withdrawn her custom from him; and thus the root of the evil would be struck at; for your fashionable woman generally allows herself to be dressed according to the taste of a person whom she would not let sit down in her presence.

I suggest to the Covent Garden authorities that if they feel bound to protect their subscribers against the danger of my shocking them with a blue tie, they are at least equally bound to protect me against the danger of a woman shocking me with a dead bird.—G. Bernard Shaw, in London Times.

Dress stuffs, organdies, and dimities and Swisses are selling.

A parasol of blue silk—a strong shade of blue—has a handle of blue-enameled wood.

Hand-painted parasols are stunning, but the embroidered ones are still more popular.

Japanese styles are less good in themselves (though they're stunning) than as inspiration for other parasols.

For "dress-up" gloves everything mousquetaire is liked—suede mousquetaire being the newest of all.

Nowadays the riding skirt reaches barely to the instep, and is lighter in weight than the average walking skirt.

All the talk about returning to bustles and crinolines becomes nonsense when the increasing rationality of fashion is observed.

Several narrow silk ruffles stitched and corded in the hem have been found to fulfill the function of holding out the skirt quite successfully.

Such good looking outing hats as the milliners are turning out! They're soft felt hats with soft wings—all pale gray or all white or gray and white together.

The house in which Harriet Beecher Stowe lived for a number of years in Hartford is now being torn down to make room for the advancing factories.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH.

The Great Surrender. Acts 9: 1-22; Rom. 5: 16-23.

Saul's blindness and his recovery were as nothing compared to the spiritual blindness in which he had been, and the spiritual vision he received. The true blindness is of the soul.

There is no progress outside of Christ, but as soon as one thoroughly yields to Christ, his strength increases from day to day.

Nothing promises finer wages than sin, and though Satan cheats us time and again, how many go on working for him to the last

"Heaven alone is given away." Only the greatest of blessings, eternal life, is given freely, for no price that could be paid would be adequate.

Suggestions.

Christ wishes to yield Himself entirely to us, and that is why He wishes us to yield ourselves entirely to Him.

It is not our surrender, it is our promotion—not our defeat, but our victory.

We cannot be led; we have only the choice of service, either of God or of the devil. Can we hesitate?

We do not surrender liberty; we surrender slavery, and enter into the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

Illustrations.

If a man, in selling you a field, reserves the farther corner of it, he also has the right of way thither. So if Satan yields all your heart but one little corner, he has the right of way to that corner through your whole heart.

An army, when it surrenders, lays down its arms. When we yield to Christ, we are to yield all that we have and are.

A magnaminous victor returns the sword of his conquered foe. So Christ returns to us our surrendered powers, vastly enlarged and glorified.

Christian Endeavor societies are springing up on ships of war and merchant vessels, and in sailors' rests ashore. The sailors make splendid Endeavorers, sincere and earnest.

These "Floating societies" need a close connection with the land forces, since they cannot in any other way get the staying influences of the church. Every land society may have, and should have, some part in this work. You can correspond with some of the sailors. It is a wonderful help for a Christian sailor, amid a body of men, very few of whom are Christian, to have the support of some Christian friend, though at a distance. You can greet the sailors when they come ashore, and make them at home in your society. You can send good literature to the ships.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

The Great Surrender. Acts 9: 1-22; Rom. 6: 16-23.

There is no contest more interesting and more important in its results than the battle of a human soul with its convictions. Saul of Tarsus is a good type of the convicted sinner. The supernatural light, the audible voice, the outward phenomena are incidental. The great fact is that God met a soul and brought it face to face with duty. Up to this hour Saul may have been deceived. But now he knew he ought to surrender to Christ. And he did. There comes to every soul the moment when he must decide. And there comes to many, as there came to Saul, the full, complete, absolute surrender to Jesus which carries with it all future duties and service. Notice such elements of this great surrender:

Paul never reserved anything. He gave up absolutely to Jesus. There was no reserve to his surrender. It embraced all his life—all of his time and all of his days. It took in all the future. To his death nothing moved him, for all was surrendered to Jesus. He delighted to subscribe himself as the "doulos," or slave, of Jesus Christ. There may have been after-moments of special consecration, but it was all embraced by his "What shall I do, Lord?" There was never a longing look backward, but a constant pressing forward.

Some surrender their time, their money, or their services to God. Paul put it all in. It meant to him his time, his service, his thought, his all. It was a devotion to Christ as the devotion of a slave. He called nothing his own. It meant prison, stripes, joudneyings oft, sacrifices many, poverty, pain, loss and death. God does not call all to such a life as he lived, but he does call on us for a surrender of the whole life to him.

This surrender of Paul determined every action and service of the future. It was the determining factor at every turn in life. Once so surrendered, a soul has never a quarrel or question with duty. Obedience becomes a habit. New details of consecration are easy. God's claims are never questioned. Such a great surrender makes Christian living easy. Only such a surrender can bring peace to the life and the soul. Every soul should at once make this great surrender.

Bath in Goldfield.

"All trouble and inconvenience growing out of the scarcity of water in the new mining camps of Nevada is rapidly disappearing," remarked Oscar J. Smith, lawyer and capitalist of Reno. "They have quite as much water in Goldfield now as will satisfy the requirements of the camp. I was down at Goldfield recently, and noticing a sign on a building which proclaimed the fact that baths were to be had there I went in and announced that I would like to get a bath. The fellow in charge handed me a ticket and took my money.

"'Well, see here,' said I, 'I don't want a bath ticket. I want a bath.'

"'Oh, you'll get a bath all right,' and the bathhouse manager. 'Let me see your ticket, No. 813. There are about 812 people ahead of you. Come around in about three or four weeks.'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

There is a telegraph box in every street car in Norway. Write messages, put on right number of stamps, drop in the box.